

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

HORMONA, OR THE GRATEFUL SLAVE.

—“Aut virtus nomen inane est,
Aut decus et pretium recte petit experiri Vir.”
HOM.

DON PEDRO MENDEZ was a Spaniard of noble extraction; but the extravagance of his progenitors had rendered him incapable of supporting himself in the rank to which he was entitled by birth. Whether it be from pride or sentiment, it is certainly mortifying for a man to walk as a stranger through those estates which formerly belonged to his family, and which he himself might, or ought to have possessed. This, with the other causes of chagrin he daily experienced, determined him to leave Spain. The resource, in those cases, is generally to repair to the New World; and his remaining friends procured him an establishment in the Royal Revenues at Lima, that was not only very lucrative in itself, but afforded him great opportunities of trading to the Mainas from Acapulco, and to Europe by means of the galleons which sail between Lima and Old Spain.

In about two years after his arrival in Peru, he found himself in a very easy and desirable situation. The income which arose from his post was quite sufficient to defray the charges of living in a magnificent style: two very advantageous returns had arrived from Manilla, and he expected a large consignment by the European ships. Thus easy in his circumstances, he enjoyed all the pleasures which a country, favoured by the most powerful influences of the sun, can afford.

For this purpose, he bought an elegant villa near the city of Cusco, about sixty leagues from Lima, to which he frequently retired. It was situated on a plain that, by a gentle descent to the westward, terminates on the banks of the lake Titica: to the eastward, at five miles distance, was seen part of the chain of lofty mountains which are called the Andes; and the intervening space was filled by lofty woods, with plains between, so disposed as to make a very picturesque appearance. This district was perfectly adapted, either for the diversion of shooting, or the pleasures of contemplation; and here Mendez usually amused himself with one or the other, as inclination prompted him.

An illiberal prejudice has, in too many instances, fixed upon nations the odium which the crimes of individuals have merited. The Spaniards are said to be cruel, because a set of wretches, whose vices had rendered their fortunes desperate in Europe, were banished upon a kind of forlorn expedition—discoveries upon a new continent. The event surpassed expectation; and those men, whom the fear of punishment had not kept within bounds when in Europe, did not scruple in America to commit the most horrid crimes. But they perpetrated these crimes not more or less because they were Spaniards, but because they were bad men. Had they been Englishmen, who is there so hardly as to pretend they would have been more humane? It is a derogation from

human nature to say, that a cruel, perfidious, or an unprincipled nation exists; and the case is sufficiently deplorable, when we are obliged to confess, that in all nations there are too many individuals who deserve those epithets.

The seeds of humanity and good sense were so strongly implanted in the mind of Mendez, that neither example nor argument could prevail on him to look upon slaves in any other light than as men; and, as men in misfortune, he concluded they had a right to his attention and regard. Sentiments like these could not fail of producing their effect. With pleasure he saw that those poor people, whom fortune had placed under his command, were possessed of hearts capable of glowing with the sincerest gratitude for the smallest indulgences—indulgences which their hard lot had taught them how to value; and they, on the contrary, inured to and expecting severe usage, almost adored the man who treated them in so different a manner, and whose benevolence seemed to be interested in all their little concerns. Love and gratitude wrought more powerfully among his slaves, than the fear of punishment ever does among those who are subjected to masters less intelligent and humane. No punishment was ever heard of amongst them but one, and that one appeared so dreadful, that it was more than sufficient to keep the most refractory in awe. This was no less than a dismission from his service; and they who were incapable of judging of any thing else, could yet readily perceive the disadvantage of exchanging his service for that of another.

On a time when Mendez had occasion to increase the number of his slaves, he repaired to the usual market at Lima, purchased as many as he intended, and was passing by the rest, when he heard the strokes of a whip at a small distance. He turned, and observed a Spaniard who was severely lashing a Peruvian, who seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age. This sight, though afflicting to Mendez, was too common to have engaged his particular attention, if the behaviour of the sufferer had not been too remarkable to be overlooked. He regarded his tormentor with a kind of fixed contempt, that seemed to absorb his other idea, and, at least to appearance, rendered him insensible even of pain. “My friend,” said Mendez to the Spaniard, “what has the man done, that you must punish him in the market-place?” “D—n him!” replied the Spaniard, overheated with rage, and the diabolical exercise he had been at, “he does not deserve to live. I’ll let you know, you villain,” continued he, turning to the slave, whose calm intrepidity added fuel to his passion; “I’ll let you know that all men were not born free, and that dogs like you ought to rejoice to serve.” The slave took no other notice than by a smile so sarcastic, that the Spaniard could not but feel his inferiority to the very man whom he was loading with injuries. “Is he to be sold?” demanded Mendez. “Yes, if any body will buy him,” replied the other; “but he contrives to give such d—l satisfactory answers to all that speak to him, that though I have brought him here three successive market days, I stand no more chance of selling him than at first. This moment he affronted Don Alvarado, who had taken a liking to him, and would have bought him; but, by

G—d, if I do not sell him to-day, I’ll make him repent the hour he was born.”—“Well, but what are his faults,” demanded Mendez, “that you are so particularly intent upon selling him?” “Why, to tell you the truth,” answered the Spaniard, “he is a very good slave, and can do well if he will; but he is not broke in, and I don’t like the trouble, that is all: so, if you like him, you shall have him a bargain.”

Mendez then accosted the slave, and asked him if he was willing to serve him. “To serve you!” replied the slave, in a tone in which surprise and derision were united; “Are you willing to serve me? God and nature have made us equal: why should I become your slave? I must submit to force; but never, never will I consent to serve the detested race of those who overthrew the Incas, my progenitors. Oh, Atabalipa! and ye immortal shades who now reside in bliss with the Sun your Father, hear me, ye renowned spirits! I pant to be with you, that I may see in the book of Fate, the plagues, the tenfold curses, that are preparing for the perfidious and blood-thirsty Spaniards! May the swift vengeance of heaven overtake them, and exterminate the devoted race!” Mendez shuddered with horror at his imprecation; but, notwithstanding, interrupted him: “If, as you say, you must submit to force, you must consent that the man who calls himself your master do transfer his right to me. Perhaps the change may be to your advantage; worse it can scarcely be.” So saying, he paid the Spaniard his demand, and delivered Hormona (for that was the slave’s name) in charge to his servants, to be taken home among his other slaves.

He dined that day at the Viceroy’s, and stayed rather late; but the next morning he ordered Hormona to be brought to him. He entered, and Mendez commanded his attendants to retire. “Hormona,” said he, “I was yesterday apprised of your unhappy fortune by a gentleman at the Viceroy’s, who informed me that you were the Chief of a party of Indians at war,* and that your company had been taken prisoners, and publicly sold. I have long been of opinion, that, by mild methods, your clans might be brought to think better of the Spaniards in general, and that a mutual treaty of amity would tend much to promote the welfare of both nations. But private opinion, and private influence, can avail but little against general customs and prejudices, however ill founded: yet, though I can but little promote the general good, it is a pleasure, a happiness to me, when an opportunity occurs of alleviating the distresses of particulars. From this instant you are free. Consider yourself as no longer in slavery.”

Description is unequal to the task of conveying an adequate idea of Hormona’s look and appearance while Mendez was speaking. He seemed like the statue of Amazement; and when Mendez was silent, he appeared as if he had just awoke from a dream. “Is it possible that a Spaniard can think and feel for the woes of a Peruvian? Have they sympathetic hearts? Ah no! it cannot be! Heaven, to show that nothing is beyond its power, has formed one benevolent and humane! Forgive

* The Indians at war, in South America, are such as have never been subjugated by the Spaniards, and cherish an hereditary hatred for them.

me, then, ye illustrious shades! ye mighty dead! if I forget your wrongs, and love that one Spaniard!”

“Hear me, Hormona,” interrupted Mendez; “mankind is every where the same; the bad are intermixed with the good, and their number is but too considerable: yet we are not thence to conclude that all are bad. It was unhappy for Peru and Mexico, that the Spaniards who conquered them were destitute of humanity; but, believe me, the rest of the nation hold them in detestation and abhorrence. Lay aside your prejudices, and permit me to assure you, that there are hundreds amongst us who would be glad to do you that good office you so much admire in me.”

The mind of the Peruvian was open to conviction, and he acquiesced in the sentiments of Mendez. He staid at Lima about a week, and then became impatient to return to his own country. Mendez offered to provide him with conveniences for the journey, but he would accept of nothing more than a Peruvian habit, with a fowling-piece and some ammunition. “Farewell!” said he, taking his benefactor by the hand, “I shall never see you again, but I shall always remember you with love and gratitude. The infants of our nation shall lip your name, and it shall be repeated among those of our ancestors when we sacrifice at the Rock of Morsan.” He parted with a heart surcharged with affection, and left Mendez to the enjoyment of that satisfaction which arises from the exercise of virtue.

At the beginning of the following year, Mendez was at his country house near Cusco. One morning, as he was riding along through the vast tract of wood which covers the foot of the Andes, he strayed beyond his usual limits, and found himself in a grove, the beauty of which enchanted him. The eye was captivated with a profusion of vivid plants, unknown to colder climates: the orange, plantane, and the beautiful anana, diffused an enlivening fragrance; and at a distance, through the trees, appeared a cascade, which, after foaming over a rocky descent, was precipitated into a lake below. The sublime and beautiful were united in this pleasing scene, and Mendez felt his affections expand to the immense Author of Nature. That animating enthusiasm which great minds alone are capable of, which admits the soul, as it were, into an immediate converse with the Deity, had taken possession of his faculties.

O thou immortal source of loveliness,
How shall I speak thy praise! thou great perfection!

How infinite! beyond the narrow grasp
Of all created beings.—The universe,
The vast expanded frame of animation,
All, united, never can express
Thy boundless attributes! For thou thyself,
Thou only know’st, and canst declare thy praise!

As Mendez repeated these lines, ten armed Peruvians rushed out of a thicket, and seized him. They immediately killed his mule, and threw his carcass into the lake; and, after tying the hands of Mendez, they led him away in triumph through a variety of passes into the inmost recesses of the mountains. They travelled till evening, when they at length arrived at a cultivated plain of about four leagues in circumference, which was quite environed with lofty mountains. The tribes came forth to meet them. They

testified their joy at an accident which afforded a captive Spaniard to sacrifice at the tomb of Quitamo. They led him with shouts and clamours to their temple. It was a rude edifice, built with stones of an enormous magnitude. The unhappy Mendez was stretched upon the altar; and the priest, with a ferocious and malignant joy, prepared the fatal knife. "Wretch!" said the hoary murderer, "now shalt thou feel some of those intolerable pangs which thy accursed race have inflicted on the children of the Sun: now shall thy sinews shrink from the scorching flames, and thy flesh quiver beneath the deep inflicted wound of the sharp flint: and oh, ye murdered heroes of Peru, ye illustrious descendants of our holy Incas, regard propitious this instance of the remembrance we pay to your wrongs! Teach me (for ye have wofully experienced) to torture this demon, this Spaniard: inspire me with tenfold hatred and revenge, that I may make a sacrifice grateful to your souls, and worthy the injuries ye have patiently endured!"

The cry of revenge ran through the multitude. The very children caught the wild anguish and enmity of their parents, whilst the priest renewed the memory of their forefathers, and only waited his signal with their brands to kindle the devouring fire.

And now an awful silence reigned through the crowd: the mothers held up their babes to behold the blood of the Spaniard sprinkled on the walls of their temple: the arm of the executioner was raised; nay, it was even descending, when a voice, in the piercing accent of distress, broke through the stillness of the people, and cried, "Stop, Yapedo! rash man, forbear!"—It was the voice of Hormona, the voice of their chief. He had heard the shouts of the Peruvians: he hastened to discover the cause. He rejoiced to see a Spaniard extended on the altar of Morsan, and ran to assist at the sacrifice.—He approached—he started—he beheld the face of Mendez, his benefactor, his deliverer; and his soul sunk within him at his danger.—"Stop!" he cried, "Yapedo! rash man, forbear! forbear!" and flung his intervening body to shelter his extended, his beloved friend.

Who can describe the visage of Hormona, when he raised the rescued Mendez from the earth? Who can tell the gratitude of the Peruvians, when he gave him to them as their deliverer from the rude hand of tyranny, and from the disgraceful whip?—"It is Mendez," said Hormona, "my brethren; it is my friend, the friend of man, and of the Peruvians! He delivered me from bondage and from death, and sent me to my kindred and my people."

The name of Mendez, the deliverer of Hormona, was known among the tribes; they were struck with horror at the murderous act of ingratitude they had almost perpetrated; they fell prostrate at his feet, and with wild anguish begged his forgiveness: they rose, admired, loved, and adored him.

Mendez remained a week with the Indians, who, finding his manners and principles so different from the idea which they had entertained of the Spaniards, were glad to acquiesce in every thing he thought proper to offer for their advantage. A treaty of commerce and friendship was established between them and the Spaniards; by which the latter have not only got rid of a troublesome enemy on their frontiers, but likewise derive great advantages by trading with them for gold and emeralds.

Thus the benevolence and virtue of one man could accomplish what the politics of the fraudulent might in vain have attempted. Happy would it be for mankind, if maxims so obvious, and principles so gratifying to the well turned mind, were rather more general. But the present interest, with most men, outweighs all distant considerations, however great;

and it is, perhaps, impossible to convince the world in general, that conscience and interest are perfectly reconcilable to each other.

FILIAL DUTY.

Mr. Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study, by every softening and conciliatory art, to keep her husband in good humour with herself and her children, but too often failed in both. Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions, which, though easily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt against the exertions of passionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with sullen unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in consequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to submission, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to see his face again.

The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately, on foot, for London; where arriving, after much hardship and fatigue, he found out an East Indian captain, with whom his father had some acquaintance, and, after much solicitation, obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr. Hastings was, he could not help feeling considerable regret on finding that his son had so well obeyed the command which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection and respect, was long inconsolable. From all their inquiries, they were only able to learn that their son was gone to sea, but to what part, or in what situation, they could never discover. To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighbouring village, where, consumed by grief, with health and spirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obscurity. One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Hastings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually softened; his passions subsided; he attempted to alleviate by kindness the sufferings of his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing through a variety of fortune. His first setting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died on the passage; and he was set on shore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend. He was almost ready to perish for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time in a very low station, the gentleman advanced him to his counting-house, and initiated him in the commercial business of the settlement.

During a short probation in this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent to a distance up the country, to a trading post of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted

on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honourable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for a long time stifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement, and resolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injustice of his expulsion. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity, and condemned his own obstinacy as, at least, equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took his passage for England, where he arrived safe, after an absence of nine years.

On his landing he met with a townsman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode. It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple, in melancholy despondence, sat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Hastings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrear, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What shall we do?" said he—"he threatens to turn us out of doors—Unfeeling man! But how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I showed to my own son?" The reflection was too much for Mrs. Hastings to bear; she wrung her hands, sobbed, and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their present situation dwelt on her mind—she only felt for her long lost son.

The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, went up to her mother, and while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other supported her head. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy. Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door.—They ran in with the news that a chaise had stopped before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when, on viewing the groupe before him, he had just strength to stagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried, "My son—my son!" and sunk down beside him. The father stood awhile, with his hands clasped in stupid astonishment—then dropt on his knees, and exclaimed, "Heaven, I thank thee!" He then flew to his son, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no sooner returned, than he threw himself at his father's feet, and asked forgiveness. "Forgive thee, Charles!" said the father; "it is I, my child, who ought to entreat forgiveness for the cruel injury I did thee." He then raised him, and again clasped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay senseless in the arms of her daughter.—The rest of the family, confused and affrighted, knew not what to think of the scene, and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed, was

to all appearance dead. It was long before the assiduities of her son and husband produced any signs of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had so long desired to see, the impression proved again too strong, and violent fits succeeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees she recovered serenity enough to behold and embrace her son. All the rest of the family, by turns, succeeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and inquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him; softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs; that he gave the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself as a sharer with the rest of the children. The generosity and filial piety of this proposal excited their warmest admiration, and occasioned no small compunction in the father for his treatment of such a son. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, associated him with himself in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handsomely for the rest of the family, and to pass the rest of his days in ease and content.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loom and who win; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies, SHAKESPEARE.

On a Broiled Bone.—Providence has ordained that delight shall succeed pain, and that even adversity shall not be without its pleasures. Never shall I forget what a proof I had of this last Thursday, when I, Simon Roberts, came home after a hard day's labour. My wife had bought me a pint of ale, and the shining pewter pot at the fire-side was the first thing that caught my eye as I entered; but somehow or other, I had associated something else with the pot. I asked Susannah if she had any thing I could eat. "No, my dear, there is nothing;—you know you finished the leg of mutton last night, and I told you to bring something home for yourself." At this I took a desponding sip of the ale. But, cried I, bring me the bone, there may be something on it yet. She brought me the leg of mutton bone. Alas! what flesh remained seemed not worth detaching;—I took another still more melancholy sip of the poor pint of ale, and involuntarily threw the bone on the bright fire. I am a good-natured fellow, and I instantly forgot my want of supper. My wife began to tell me the news—I took another sip of the ale much less melancholy than before, and all at once my ears were saluted with a loud hiss-s-s-s from the fire. Even the bone, thought I, can express its disapprobation of my getting no supper. I took up the tongs—determined to lay the innocent bone where its noise could be heard no longer. I stretched over it of course to get the better hold; but there came up such a savory effluvia—such a delicious congregation of goodly vapours—that I was tempted to wish, with the woman in the fable, who smelt at the lung-hole of the empty cask, that there had been more than smell, or that my palate, throat, and stomach, were in my nose. I cast a side-long glance of regret at the noisy remnant of mutton, and I thought I saw some juice oozing forth, apparently as savoury as the smell. "Well," said I to myself, "here are two senses gratified, however—if a man could only make a supper through the nose and eyes, I should soon settle

my appetite. To be sure, thought I, and I half-paralysed Othello in the thought,

— The bone is black,
And is consuming quickly in the fire—
But that's not much!

No—neither the bone nor the consumption—for where there is little to consume, the fire can have little to waste. Anon, I cried in other Shakspearian recollections—

O, that this too, too solid bone would melt,
Melt and outflow itself to goodly meat!

All at once I called to mind that it was the way to lesson, not to increase the bone, to allow it to broil longer, and that very speedily all the fat would be in the fire. In that enthusiastic moment I seized the precious relic by the hot end, which was nearest, and transferred it to my white oaken table. If they say (exclaimed I, surveying the smoking fragment,)—if they say fire purifieth all things, they are wrong—for fire blackeneth mutton bones. I remembered on the instant that my grandmother used to observe, fire brought many things to light, and on re-surveying my prize I conceived I discovered sundry muttony particles which I had hitherto overlooked.—“Hilloa!” cried I, “wife—my life—bring me a knife.” The knife did come when I did call for it. I salted and peppered the bone—I took bread wherewithal to eat to it—and the broad and the long (of what was both short and narrow) is, that I made a good supper of what I had thrown into the fire. A good supper, said I—good—the mere cold word good! Why I made a better supper than I ever did before in the whole course of my existence—I actually wished that the next leg of mutton I might get might be all bones together! Mutton never had such a taste before as the tit bits I culled from this despised result of a third day's leg of a sheep. I had the essence of all animal essences—the meat next the marrow—the penetralia of the feast. The paschal lamb was nothing to my bone. You cannot conceive what is meant by the fat of the land till you have had a broiled bone to your supper.

Telling a Lie.—A gentleman passing through Fleet-market was surprised at being hailed from the well-known College by a friend, who, it appeared, was “in durance vile.” “Ah! Tom, why how came you there?” asked the gentleman. “O, a very rascally piece of business; I am imprisoned for telling a lie.” “For telling a lie! impossible! there must be some mistake.” “No, its true enough. I promised to pay my tailor's bill; and I did not!”

A Philosophical Historian.—It has been justly observed, that several modern historians, who have pretended to write in a philosophical spirit, have been very indifferent as to the truth or falsehood of the facts on which their philosophy rested. The celebrated Abbe Raynal was a writer of this class, as appears from the following anecdote:—“Towards the end of the year 1777, the Abbe calling one evening on Dr. Franklin at his lodgings in Paris, found in company with the Doctor, their common friend, Silas Deane. ‘Ah! Monsieur l'Abbe,’ said Deane, ‘we are just talking of you and your works.—Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?—The Abbe resisted the attack with some warmth: and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbe had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. ‘Now, here,’ says Deane, ‘is a tale in which there is not one word of truth.’ Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his

friends, at length interposed. ‘My dear Abbe,’ said he, ‘shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality—now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions.’—‘And upon my word,’ cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, ‘I would much rather insert your fictions in my works, than the truths of many other people.’ Such is the way in which modern philosophers write history!

Despatches.—By a singular regulation, the government couriers in Austria are ordered, when they are charged with despatches sealed with only one seal, to go at a walking pace; if with two seals, to trot; if with three, to gallop. A courier, bearing a despatch with three seals, passing lately through a garrison town, was requested by the commandant to take a despatch to the next town, to which he willingly agreed; but perceiving, when he received it, that it had but one seal, he refused to take charge of it, saying, “that the regulations ordered him to walk his horse with such a despatch; and as he had another with which he was ordered to gallop, he could not possibly take them both!”

Original Anecdote.—The Rev. Charles Nisbet, minister of Montrose, from whence he emigrated to America, was much addicted to punning; and on some occasions his attempts were peculiarly felicitous and successful. One morning, having been out taking his walk by the sea-shore before breakfast, he on his return met a man with whom he was personally acquainted, carrying a bottle of rum; but being a pauper, he did not wish the bottle to be seen by the minister, and therefore endeavoured to hide it behind his back below his coat. However, in his agitation, the bottle fell from his hand, and was dashed to pieces on the street. With an awkward confusion he pulled off his bonnet, and stammered out, “Gude morrow, Mr. Nisbet; I hope you are vera weel.” “O, very well, I thank you, John; but I am exceedingly sorry to see your spirits so low this morning!”—As he passed along the street, a party of merchants, enjoying their promenade, saluted him with, “Well, Mr. Nisbet, what news from the Links this morning?” “Oh, gentlemen! a sad accident: I have just seen a vessel dashed to pieces, and the whole cargo irrecoverably lost.”

Anecdote of Cardinal Mazarin.—The most horrible books were continually written against Cardinal Mazarin. He used to pretend great anger, but cared in reality very little about them. One day he ordered that all the couples that it was possible to find or collect of these odious libels, should be brought to him, in order, as he said, “that he might burn them.” A great number were accordingly seized; and as soon as he got them into his possession, he with the utmost coolness privately resold them, by which he gained 10,000 crowns!—He afterwards laughed heartily. “The French people,” he used to say, “are extremely good-natured: I let them write and sing, and they let me do what I please.”

Short memory.—The lady of a new-made Knight lately found herself in a large party, some of which were of a higher order than any to which her customary circle of society had hitherto introduced her. Wishing to enter into conversation with a lady of some fashion who sat next her, after observing that the weather was very warm, she asked, “Pray, are you married?” “I am,” replied the lady.

“Pray, have you any family?” “I have three children,” she answered very politely. The entrance of other company separated them for some time; but in the course of the evening accident again placed them next each other, when the lady of the City Knight observed to her, that “the rooms got very hot.” “Yes,” replied the lady she addressed, “they are oppressively warm.” Forgetting that she had put the same questions before, she proceeded to ask, “Pray, madam, are you married?” “I have been married several years.” “Pray, how many children have you?” “Not having had any increase to my family,” she replied, “since you did me the honour to inquire, I have still but three.”

Ellen Irvine.—In the burying ground of Kirkconnel, is the grave of fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover. She was daughter of the house of Kirkconnel, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time. The one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment; and watched an opportunity, while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washes these grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly hoping to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death; then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels: on his return, he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with *Hic jacet Adam Fleming*—the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman; except an ancient ballad, of no great merit, which records the tragical event.

Ejecting a Tenant.—The following passage from the 26th of Ecclesiasticus, verse 27, has puzzled commentators:—“A loud crying woman and a scold shall be sought out to drive away the enemies.”—There is no elucidation of it either in Harmer or other writers, who have undertaken to explain difficult passages in the Bible, by a reference to the manners and customs of Eastern nations.

By a modern traveller of credit it is said, that at Benares and the adjacent provinces; a person, desirous of dispossessing a tenant from his house, and who is unwilling to wait the tedious process of the law, applies for the assistance of a woman, who by profession is a notorious scold. This woman posts herself at sunrise opposite the tenant's dwelling, and there pours forth every species of abuse against the poor man that she can invent. This conduct draws together the populace, whose applause she receives in proportion to her vociferation and perseverance, for which she is amply rewarded by her employer. Whenever the woman has occasion to retire for the purposes of refreshment, she plants her staff in the ground opposite the house, which, through a singular superstition, none dare remove or even touch during her absence, and on her return, she recommences the attack, and thus continues from day to day, till the man is glad to give the landlord possession of the house. Is there not an evident allusion in the passage above cited to this oriental mode of ejecting tenants from their dwellings? And might not the practice be successfully adopted in other parts of the globe, where professors and adepts in this useful art are to be found?

Self-devotion.—A noble trait of steady attachment and generous self-devotion was displayed by Servius Terentius, a friend of Decimus Brutus, one of the party who killed Julius Cæsar.—When Marc Antony, at the head of a numerous army, had rendered himself formidable to the state, Brutus was declared an enemy by that same senate who had recently extolled him to the skies, as a glorious tyrannicide.

He was soon abandoned by his troops, and, with a slender escort, was endeavouring by flight to escape beyond the reach of Marc Antony, who had sent a party of horsemen in pursuit of him. But his speed being surpassed by that of his pursuers, he had the mortification to learn that they were rapidly approaching him; and, to elude their pursuit, he sought shelter in the obscurity of some dark recess, accompanied by his faithful friend Terentius.—The horsemen arrive; they burst in upon the fugitives; when Terentius, taking advantage of the darkness, presents himself to them as Brutus; hoping by that pious artifice, to save Brutus's life at the expense of his own. The leader of the party, however, happening to recognise him, spared his life, and contented himself with killing Brutus.

Origin of the Mayor of Garrat.—About the year 1750, several persons, who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrat Lane, in England, formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that common, and to prevent others from being made in future. As the members were most of them persons in humble circumstances, they agreed to contribute some small matter at every meeting, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum was subscribed, they applied to an attorney in the neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the President (or as they called him, *Mayor*) of the club. They gained their suit, with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and, ever after, the President, who lived many years, was called “The Mayor of Garrat.” This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new Parliament, of choosing out-door members for the borough of Garrat, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all incidental expenses attending on this mock election.

Remarkable instance of fidelity in a servant.—In the winter of the year 1770, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian mountains, and when the cold is very severe, are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Oswiesk and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak post-horses; the other, whom the Count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would in some measure be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The Count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage, and let his horse go, which was soon seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves became more savage now they had once tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, “There is only one means of deliverance: I will go to meet the wolves, if you will swear to me to provide as a father for my wife and children I must perish; but while they fill upon me, you will escape.” Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would confidently provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured. The Count was saved, and kept his word.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

CONYER

CARNIVAL AT MADRID.

From Doblado's Letters from Spain

Carnival, properly so called, is limited to Quinquagesima Sunday, and the two following days, a period which the lower classes pass in drinking and rioting in those streets where the meaner sort of houses abound, and especially in the vicinity of the large courts, or halls, called *Cortices*, surrounded with small rooms or cells, where numbers of the poorest inhabitants live in filth, misery, and debauch. Before these horrible places are seen crowds of men, women, and children, singing, dancing, drinking, and pursuing each other with handfuls of hair-powder. I have never seen, however, an instance of their taking liberties with any person above their class; yet, such bacchanals produce a feeling of insecurity, which makes the approach of those spots very unpleasant during the Carnival.

At Madrid, where whole quarters of the town, such as *Asopias* and *Maravillas*, are inhabited exclusively by the rabble, these Saturnalia are performed upon a larger scale. I once ventured with three or four friends, all muffled in our cloaks, to parade the *Asopias* during the Carnival. The streets were crowded with men, who, upon the least provocation, real or imaginary, would have instantly used the knife, and of women equally ready to take no slight share in any quarrel: for these lovely creatures often carry a poniard in a sheath, thrust within the upper part of the left stocking, and held up by the garter. We were, however, upon our best behaviour, and by a look of complacency on their sports, and keeping at the most respectful distance from the women, came away without meeting with the least disposition to insolence or rudeness.

A gentleman who, either out of curiosity or depraved taste, attends the amusements of the vulgar, is generally respected, provided he is a mere spectator, and appears indifferent to the females. The ancient Spanish jealousy is still observable among the lower classes; and while not a sword is drawn in Spain upon a love-quarrel, the knife often decides the claims of more humble lovers. Yet love is, by no means, the main instigator of murder among us. A constitutional irritability, especially in the southern provinces, leads, without any more assignable reason, to the frequent shedding of blood. A small quantity of wine, nay, the mere blowing of the easterly wind, called *Solano*, is infallibly attended with deadly quarrels in Andalusia. The average of dangerous or mortal wounds, on every great festival at Seville, is, I believe, about two or three. We have, indeed, a well-endowed hospital, named *de los Heridos*, which, though open to all persons who meet with dangerous accidents, is, from this unhappy disposition of the people, almost confined to the wounded. The large arm-chair where the surgeon in attendance examines the patient just as he is brought in, usually upon a ladder, is known in the whole town by the name of the Bullies' chair—*Silla de los Guapos*. Every thing, in fact, attests both the generality and intensity of that horrible propensity among the Spaniards. I have met with an original unpublished privilege granted in 1511, by King Don Manoel of Portugal, to the German merchants established at Lisbon, whereby their servants, to the number of six, are allowed to carry arms both day and night, "provided such privileged servants be not Spaniards."

St. John's Eve is observed with national peculiarities:—Feelings far removed

from those of devotion prevail in the celebration of the Baptist's festival. Whether it is the inviting temperature of a midsummer night, or some ancient custom connected with the present evening, 'Saint John,' says the Spanish proverb, 'sets every girl a gadding.' The public walks are crowded after sunset, and the exclusive amusement of this night, flirtation, or in the Andalusian phrase, *pelar la Pava*, (plucking the hen-turkey) begins as soon as the star-light of a summer sky, unbroken by the partial glare of lamps, enables the different groups to mix with a liberty approaching that enjoyed in a masquerade. Nothing in this kind of amusement possesses more zest than the chat through the iron bars of the lower windows, which begins about midnight. Young ladies, who can compose their mamma to sleep at a convenient hour, glide unperceived to the lower part of the house, and sitting on the window-sill, behind the lattice-work, which is used in this country instead of blinds, wait, in the true spirit of adventure, (if not pre-occupied to a dull, common-place matrimonial prelude,) for the chance sparks, who, mostly in disguise, walk the streets from twelve till dawn. Such, however, as the mere love of mirth induces to pass the night at the windows, generally engage another female companion, a sister, a friend, and often a favourite maid, to take a share in the conversation, and by a change of characters to puzzle their out-of-doors visitors. These too, when not seriously engaged, walk about in parties, each assuming such a character as they consider themselves most able to support. One pretends to be a farmer just arrived from the country, another a poor mechanic, that a foreigner speaking broken Spanish, that a *Gallego*, making love in the less intelligible dialect of his province. The gentlemen must come provided with no less a stock of sweetmeats (which from the circumstance of being folded each separately in a piece of paper, are called *Papeillas*) than of lively small talk and wit. A deficiency in the latter is unpardonable; so that a bore, or *Mujadero*, if not ready to quit the post when bidden, is soon left to contemplate the outside of the window-shutters. The habitual distance at which the lower classes are kept from those above them, prevents any disagreeable meddling on their part; and the ladies who indulge in these frolics, feel perfectly safe from intrusion and impertinence.

The room where a person lies dangerously ill, generally contains more relics and amulets than the chimney-piece of an invalid under the care of a London apothecary holds phials of all shapes and sizes. The friends of a lady near her confinement, vie with each other in procuring her every kind of supernatural assistance for the trying hour; when, strange to say, she is often dressed in the episcopal robes of some saint, which are supposed to act most effectually when in contact with the body of the distressed petitioner. But whatever patrons the ladies may choose to implore in those circumstances, there are two whose assistance, by means of relics, pictures, or the apparel of their images, is never dispensed with. The names of these invisible accoucheurs are, Saint Raymondus Nonnatus, and Saint Vincent Ferrer. That the former should be considered as peculiarly interested in such cases, having, as his addition implies, been extracted from the womb of his dead mother, is perfectly clear and natural. But Ferrer's sympathy requires a slight explanation.

That saint—a native of Valencia, and a monk of the order of Saint Dominic, possessed the gift of miracles in such a degree, that he performed them almost unconsciously, and not unfrequently in a sort of frolic. Being applied to, on a certain occasion, by a young married lady, whom the idea of approaching maternity kept in a state of constant terror, the

good-natured saint desired her to dismiss her fears, as he was determined to take upon himself whatever inconvenience or trouble there might be in the case. Some weeks had elapsed, when the good monk, who had forgotten his engagement, was heard in the dead of night roaring and screaming in a manner so unusual, and so little becoming a professional saint, that he drew the whole community to his cell. Nothing, for a time, could relieve the mysterious sufferings, and though he passed the rest of the night as well as could be expected, the fear of a relapse would have kept his afflicted brethren in painful suspense, had not the grateful husband of the timid lady who was the cause of the uproar, taken an early opportunity to return thanks for the unconscious delivery of his consort! Saint Vincent, though according to tradition perfectly unwilling to stand a second time proxy for nervous ladies, is, from a very natural sympathy, constantly in readiness to act as the male *Lucina* of the Spanish matrons.

LITERATURE.

JAMIESON'S CELESTIAL ATLAS.

The author of this novel work has commenced by laying down the definitions of astronomy, so far only as connected with his projections, and the problems he solves. These definitions are clear and precise; some of them are new to us, and some are handled with singular felicity. We allude to his definition of a *Paranatellen*, or constellation, rising either beside a sign or opposite to it; and his illustration which accounts for the daily appearance and disappearance of the celestial bodies, by which circumstance the sun produces the alternations of day and night.

The next division of the work treats of the manner of using the maps, by means of problems and exercises on the positions of the stars, their rising, culminating, &c.: a part of the work deserving great praise from the perspicuous and scientific mode in which this practical part of astronomy is treated, when compared with the artificial and mechanical solutions usually given by writers, on the use of the celestial globe.

But all this is merely introductory to the Atlas, which consists of thirty maps of the heavens, executed with accuracy and taste. Each map represents in fact, two projections, one by the pole of the ecliptic, and the other by the pole of the equator; but they are easily distinguished by the former being in dotted lines, and the latter in plain cut lines. By this double projection, the right ascension and declination of the stars, their latitudes and longitudes are found by inspection. Each map containing in general three or four constellations, signs, or asterisms, is accompanied by a mythological and scientific description of the whole, with directions how to find the chief stars in the constellation by means of lines connecting them with other remarkable stars; and this is followed by a catalogue of the stars in the constellation or sign in question, exhibiting their magnitude and right ascension both in time and degrees, the declination in degrees, and the annual difference of each, computed for 1820.

Thus, to take one example, corresponding with the month of July: *Leo, the Lion*, is the fifth sign in the order of the zodiac, and the second of the summer signs. According to the fixed zodiac and the astronomical year, the Sun enters *Leo* on the 23d of July; but reckoning agreeably to the recession of the equinoxes and the moveable zodiac of the sidereal year, the Sun enters the sign on the 8th of August. The earth is at this period in Aquarius, and the Sun, as seen from the earth, appears in *Leo*. For, in whatever point of the ecliptic we apprehend the Sun to be, the earth is 180 degrees removed from that point. As the earth goes round the

Sun, the North Pole keeps constantly towards one part of the heavens, and it now approaches nearer its orbit than in the preceding sign, and the days and nights are consequently coming nearer to an equality.

This is followed by an historical or classical account of the mythology of the Celestial Lion, which reads as follows:

Popular tradition represents the Lion, an animal remarkable for its fierceness and strength, as emblematical of the Sun's heat at this period of the year. The Lion, it adds, was frequently impelled to quit the sandy deserts through thirst, and repair to the Nile, the waters of which afforded him a cooling beverage. The Egyptians thence adopted this animal as the symbol of the Sun when his heat is most oppressive.

The Zodiacal Lion has also been fabled as the Nemean Lion which Hercules killed, and the story of the twelve labours of that popular hero has been applied to the progress of the Sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac. But the Lion did not seem to have been placed among the zodiacal symbols, because Hercules was fabled to have slain the Nemean Lion. It would seem, on the contrary, that Hercules, who represented the Sun, was said to have slain the Nemean Lion, because *Leo* was already a zodiacal sign.

Hercules flourished 3000 years ago, and consequently posterior to the period when the summer solstice accorded with *Leo*. The combat of Hercules with the Lion was his first labour; and one of the several years of the Egyptians commenced with this solstice. Reckoning by the year in question, some of the Greek astronomers appear to have made *Leo* (and afterwards *Cancer*) the first of the signs. Hence it was in compliance with what they believed to be the mode of reckoning in Egypt, that the Greeks fixed upon the combat with the Lion as the first labour of Hercules. Besides, the Lion was an animal with which the Greeks were but little acquainted; on the contrary, the Egyptians of Ethiopia were greatly annoyed by Lions, when, as we have said, the Nile was at its greatest elevation, during the summer solstice. It was, therefore, extremely natural for the Egyptians to place the Lion where we find him in the zodiac. This reasoning leads to the conclusion that the Egyptians were perfectly conversant with the true solar system; for *Aquarius*, the sign in which the earth actually is when the Sun appears in *Leo*, is the person who, in fable, by kicking down his urn, causes the Nile to overflow.

In the ancient zodiacs of Egypt, Dendera, Ene, and India, we find the Lion. The same occurs on the Mithraic monuments. In the camp of the Hebrews, *Leo* is assigned to Judah, on whose standard, according to all traditions, a Lion was painted.

While *Taurus* was the first of the signs, the summer solstice took place when the Sun was in *Leo*, and *Apis* was then installed. In the Mithraic monuments we find *Leo passant*; and he is in the same attitude in Moor's Hindu, in the Indian, and Sir W. Jones's Oriental zodiacs; in Kircher's he is *courrant*. In the zodiacs of Dendera he treads upon a snake. In the starry firmament the constellation Hydra is below the sign *Leo*. But in the Egyptian zodiac he is *couchant*, which, according to Aratus, represents the progress of the Sun through this sign.

The Sun in *Leo* was adored by the Egyptians as the king *Osiris*; and Herodotus tells us, that "Osiris was the same as Bacchus." Now, the Sun in *Leo* clothes the heavens with fire, and gilds the ears of corn; in consequence, the station of Bacchus was *Leo*, and it is of him that Tibullus says

"Hic cunctis teneram palis ad ungere vitem,
Hic vitem dura cadere felle cotam;
Illi jucundo primum matura sapores,
Expressa ineuita uva dedit pedibus."

The cultivation of the vine has always been connected with the mythology of the ancient Orientalists. It is inconceivable

therefore, that the editors of the Encyclopædia Britannica should charge Servius on Virgil with being in an error when he contended that Osiris and Bacchus are the same. Leo, we have said, was the domicile of Osiris or of the Sun. Now the Nile, which had assumed its greatest height when the Sun was in *Leo Præclarus*, was called *Siris*, by the Ethiopians. Thus Stephanus says, "Syene is a city of Egypt, and of Ethiopia, under the Nile; beyond which the river is called *Siris*." The Nile received this name because it had already attained its greatest elevation when the Sun was worshipped under the character of *Osir*, or *Sir*. Hence indeed the river was said to owe its origin to *Osiris*. Plutarch says, "they call the Nile the father and saviour of the region, and a fluxion of the *Osiris*;" and Jablonski (in his *Panth. Egypt.*) says, that the Egyptians, by giving the name of *Osiris* to the Nile, meant nothing more than to attribute to their god *Osiris* the gift which fertilizes their country. These authorities enable us to account for the name of *Siris*, the Dog Star, from its rising belicacally, shortly after the time that the Sun was in *Leo*, and while that luminary was worshipped under the name of *Sir*, or *Osir*. And the Persians and Indians still call the sign of *Leo* by the name *Shir*, or *Sir*. This reasoning is perfectly reconcilable with what is said in our exposition of the sign *Taurus*, if we bear in mind this fact, that *Osir*, whom the Greeks called *Osiris*, was the same with *Apis*, according to Strabo and other writers. But the Greeks who though far from being an original people, were always prompted by their vanity to hold themselves out as the first of the nations, claimed this *Osiris* as their own, and pretended that he was the son of Jupiter and Niobe.

These notices on the origin of the name this constellation bears, are followed by one of the portions of the work that is purely scientific; namely, the boundaries and contents of the sign, a table of the rising and culmination of the star *Regulus*, directions for finding the position of this star, by means of lines and triangulation, the Parantellons of *Leo* are then enumerated, and their various positions noticed; nebulae, double stars, and telescopic phenomena succeed; and a catalogue of stars, in this sign, winds up the author's materials. All this independent of his exercises for surveying the heavens on any evening, and on every evening throughout the year.

It will now be apparent to our readers, that this delightful work, as its author justly expresses himself in his preface, "stands single and alone in the English language." It needs not the breath of praise to give it fame; and the rigid severity with which it seems, in the midst of many obstacles, to have been executed, entitles it to the most public award from those who "profess to be the patrons of genius, or the guardians of science."

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

LONDON THEATRES.

English Opera House.—A new operetta, entitled the "Fair Gabrielle," was performed at this Theatre on the 5th of September. The story is nearly as follows:

Henri Quatre, attended only by Eloi, a young soldier, has arrived in the vicinity of the castle of the Count d'Estrees, in the hope of obtaining an interview with his fair Gabrielle. To facilitate his purpose, he changes clothes with his attendant in a cottage close to the castle. The Duke of Mayenne, general of the league, being in the neighbourhood, some of the soldiers have traced the king to his rendezvous; but not being well acquainted

with the royal person, and deceived by the richness of Eloi's dress, they take him prisoner, and congratulate each other upon having obtained the prize which will secure to them the most ample reward. The king, having gained the castle, finds himself in company with his lovely mistress; but being alarmed, he conceals himself in a secret passage which leads to a different part of the castle, whither Eloi is now conveyed. The soldiers being joined by another comrade, he discovers their mistake, and, vexed with disappointment, they thrust the young soldier into the same place where the king has already taken refuge. The count now makes his appearance, and demands to see the person whom the soldiers have arrested. To their surprise, the king himself comes forth, and expresses his full reliance upon the count's courtesy and honour. While all are diverted by this mysterious circumstance from inquiring after Eloi, he makes his escape, and informs the king's friends of his situation. They hasten to him, with the brave Crillon at their head. Some anxiety is now excited by the sudden disappearance of d'Estrees, who has left the castle on the receipt of a letter from the Duke de Mayenne, as it is known he is friendly to the duke, having been indebted to him on some occasion for his life. Henri, however, gives orders to prepare for battle, and takes leave of the lovely Gabrielle, to whom he presents, as a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, a written promise of marriage. But she magnanimously refuses to take advantage of one "who loves not wisely, but too well," and destroys the document. The arrival of the Count d'Estrees, who, kneeling at his sovereign's feet, delivers to him the treaty signed by the Duke de Mayenne, averts the scene of blood; and Henri having given expression to the beneficent sentiments which pervade his bosom, and the satisfaction which he feels at this peaceful termination of his labours, the curtain falls.

The piece was well received throughout, and was announced for repetition amidst much applause.

Haymarket.—A comic opera, under the title of "Morning, Noon, and Night, or The Romance of a Day," was represented for the first time at this Theatre, on the 9th of September. The following is the fable:

The Earl of Avadavat, on going early in life to India, agrees with his friend, Sir Simon Saveall (who has been his benefactor) that should he return fortunate, his son, Lord Scribbleton, shall be united to Lydia, Sir Simon's daughter; and the opera commences at the period when the young people are to be introduced to each other for the first time. Lord Scribbleton, who has written two romances under the titles of *The Deluded Wife* and *Deserted Children*, and is a great traveller in search of incidents to furnish his future productions, determines to visit the mansion of his intended father-in-law, Sir Simon, as a benighted traveller, in order that he may, unobserved, discover with what sort of a young lady he is to be united. His father, the earl, however, disapproving concealment, informs Sir Simon of the intended deception, and the baronet, after imparting the secret to his daughter, determines to give Lord Scribbleton a most brilliant reception, and lights up his mansion for that purpose. His Lordship, in the meantime, through some of his romantic arrangements, is detained on the road, and mistaken for a highwayman. Captain Sanguine, who is journeying to a sea-port to meet his wife and children, loses his way, and knocks at Sir Simon's gate, where he is received with all the honours intended for Lord S., on a supposition that he is that nobleman in disguise; and when he speaks of his absent wife and children, is supposed merely to mean the titles of the above-mentioned romances written by

Lord S.; and on his Lordship's being brought in custody to Sir Simon's, he is locked in a cellar till the arrival of his father. The earl elucidates the mistakes which led to his confinement. Amelia, the wife of the captain, is, with her two boys, shipwrecked on the coast, and preserved through the brave humanity of Shark, a repentant ruffian of former bad habits, who tries, by present good conduct, to atone for past guilt; and, after rescuing the lady first from the ferocious avarice of the villains who infest the coast to make property of the vessels wrecked on it, and afterwards from robbers in a wood near Sir Simon's, brings her safely to the baronet's house, where she unexpectedly meets her husband, and joins in the merriment of the family on the adjustment of Lord Scribbleton's self-occasioned contretemps.

Mr. T. Dibdin is the reported author of this opera, which is spoken of, in the London papers, as well calculated for the amusement of a summer theatre. On its first representation, the house was completely occupied, and the piece received general applause, with very few tokens of dissent.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

The Old Serpent.—A music-seller, some time ago in London, of the name of Lowe, having seen in some of the churches in French Flanders the instrument called the Serpent, purchased one, and learned to perform on it. Having returned to London, he got it recommended to Handel, who very reluctantly consented to its being used one morning at the rehearsal of an oratorio. The great composer bore its hissing for some time with evident perturbation; and at length breaking off abruptly, in the middle of a chorus, he ran to the part of the room where Lowe was placed, and roared out, "Vere did you buy that damned instrument?" "At Lisle, sir!" said Lowe, in a trembling voice. "At de Garden of Eden you mean," bellowed Handel; "for by gar, it is nothing more nor less than the damned old serpent himself!"

Effects of the Drama.—The Russian Emperor Paul, witnessing the representation of a French piece at his private theatre, in which the story of the English gunpowder plot was introduced, was observed to listen to it with more than his usual attention. The effect of this was soon apparent, for immediately the curtain had dropped, he ordered the strictest search to be made through all the vaults and subterraneous passages of the palace! The reasons for this alarm were indeed sufficiently evident; since, as stated by a recent intelligent traveller, scarce a day passed without some unjust punishment, as if half the nobles of the empire were to be sent as exiles to Siberia.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN.

Charles was tall and well made: he had a fine forehead, large blue eyes, and a good nose; but the lower part of his face was very disagreeable, owing in a great measure to a kind of grin he too frequently gave way to. He had scarce any beard, and very little hair. Charles spoke but seldom, and often replied with this sort of laugh; profound silence was constantly observed at his table. He was extremely bashful, and would be embarrassed in the most trifling conversation; for having devoted himself entirely to hardships and a military life, he was an utter stranger to society. He carried all the virtues of the hero to an excess equally fatal as the opposite vices. His resolutions became obstinacy, which occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and kept him five years in Turkey; his liberality degene-

rating into profusion ruined Sweden; his courage heightened to temerity caused his death; his justice sometimes resembled cruelty; and in his latter years the exertion of his authority bordered upon tyranny. Another prince might have been immortalized by any one of his great qualities, which created the misery of his people. He never attacked his neighbours; but he was not equally prudent as implacable in his revenge. He is the first prince who was ambitious of being a conqueror, without being desirous of extending his dominions; he was emulous of gaining empires to bestow them. His passion for glory, war, and revenge, prevented his being a politician, an essential qualification for a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, his modesty was conspicuous, as well as his firmness after a defeat. Hardships he did not consider either for himself or others; fatigue and even life he held in no estimation. Charles was rather a singular than a great man, more to be admired than imitated.

This prince displayed his character very early in life. When he was a child, being asked what he thought of Alexander, whose life he was reading in Quintus Curtius? "Methinks," said he, "that I should like to resemble him." When he was told Alexander had lived only thirty years; "Is not that long enough," replied Charles, "for a man who had conquered kingdoms."

In his first campaign, in the year 1700, having never before heard the discharge of musketry, he asked Major General Stuart, who was next him, what was that whistling in his ears? "It is the noise of the musket balls the enemy is firing at you," replied the major. "Good," said the king, "this henceforward shall be my music." At that very instant, the major, who was giving this explanation, received a ball in his shoulder, and a lieutenant fell on the other side of the prince. Charles having a horse killed under him at the battle of Narva, he carelessly jumped upon another, pleasantly saying, "These people are willing to make me perform my exercises."

At the siege of Thorn, this prince, whose dress was always simple, having advanced very near the works with one of his generals, named Lieven, who was dressed in blue and gold, he was fearful lest the general should be too conspicuous, and ordered Lieven to get behind him. The general, too late convinced of his error in wearing such a showy coat, was equally apprehensive for the king, and hesitated whether he should obey. The king impatiently took him by the arm, and got before him: at this very instant a cannon ball that came in flank laid the general flat, and it was with great reluctance the king left him. The death of this man, killed precisely on the spot where he wanted to save him, strengthened Charles in the opinion which he ever maintained, of absolute predestination; and this dogma, which promoted his courage, may also serve as a justification of his temerity.

This prince was besieged in Stralsund, a frontier of his dominions. One day whilst he was dictating some letters to his secretary, a bomb fell upon the house, pierced the roof, and burst very near the king's apartment. Half the flooring was split in pieces; but the closet in which the king was sitting being partly within a thick wall, did not suffer by the shock, nor did any of the splinters come into the closet, though the door was open. At the noise of the bomb, and the shaking of the house, which seemed to be falling, the pen dropped from the secretary's hand. "What's the matter?" said the king, with great composure; "why do not you write on?" The secretary was unable to reply in any other words than, "Oh! the bomb, sire!" "Well," resumed the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on."

Almost every one of his principal officers being either killed or wounded in

this siege, Colonel Baron de Reichel, after a long action, overcome with watching and fatigue, having laid himself upon a bench to take an hour's rest, was called to mount guard upon the ramparts: he crawled thither, cursing the king's obstinacy, and such intolerable fatigue so uselessly employed. The king hearing him, ran to him: "You are quite exhausted, my dear Reichel, I know; I have slept an hour, and am fresh; I will mount guard for you; go and sleep, and I will wake you when it is time." After this he covered the general with his own cloak, and compelled him to lie down again.

This hero was too sensible of military glory, to refuse encomiums to his enemies, when they deserved them. A celebrated Saxon general having escaped from Charles by some skilful manœuvres, which the king did not foresee, this prince said aloud, "Schulenburg has defeated us."

When in a siege or a battle he was informed of the death of those he esteemed the most, he replied without any emotion, "Well! they died like brave men for their prince." He said to his soldiers, "My friends join the enemy; do not draw, leave that to cowards."

The king was once riding near Leipzig, when a person came and knelt before him, to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear: "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"—"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injury as your majesty has done my master; you have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a turkey from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his *bon mot*, saying to him, "Remember, friend, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

We also meet with the following anecdote concerning him. The prince being impatient to bring to bear an important transaction, went one morning very early to his minister to confer with him. The minister being still a-bed, Charles waited for some time in an anti-chamber, where he found a soldier. The king asked him several questions, to which the soldier replied very indifferently. At length the minister appeared, and made a number of apologies. The soldier terrified at having spoken to the king so freely, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, saying, "Sire, pardon me, I took you for a man."—"There is no harm done," said Charles; "nothing resembles so much a man as a king."

Historians have praised the liberality of this prince; but he carried it to excess, as well as his other virtues. Grothusen, his favourite and treasurer, was the dispenser of his liberalities. This was a man equally fond of bestowing as his master. Grothusen one day brought him an account of seventy thousand crowns in two lines: ten thousand crowns given to the Swedes and Janissaries by your majesty's generous command; the rest I have expended myself. "That is the way I like my friends should draw up my accounts," said the prince. "Muslim makes me read whole pages for a thousand crowns; I like much better the laconic style of Grothusen."

One of his old officers, who was suspected of being a miser, complained to the king, that he bestowed every thing upon Grothusen; "I give money," said Charles, "only to those who know how to use it."

Princess Lubomierski, who was a partisan and in the good graces of king Augustus, the enemy of Sweden, had taken the route of Germany, to avoid the horrors of a cruel war, which desolated Poland in 1705. Hagen, a lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish service, having gained intelligence of this lady's journey, placed himself in ambush, and seized the princess, her equipage, jewels, plate, and money,

which were very considerable. Charles being informed of this proceeding, wrote with his own hand to Hagen; "As I do not make war against the ladies, the lieutenant-colonel must immediately upon the receipt hereof set the prisoner at liberty, and restore all that belongs to her; and if she thinks herself in any danger during the rest of her journey, the lieutenant-colonel must escort her to the frontiers of Saxony."

A soldier one day had the boldness to present the king with a piece of black mouldy bread, which was then the only sustenance the army had, and of which they were even sometimes in want. The king took the bread without any sort of emotion, and eat it all; then coolly said to the soldier, "It is not good, but it is eatable." It was by such a conduct that this prince animated his army to go through the greatest hardships and fatigue, which would have been insupportable under any other general.

His temerity, which had so often exposed his life, made him at length pay the forfeit, at the siege of Frederickshall, October 11, 1713, whilst he was visiting the works by moonlight. A ball hit him on the temple, and killed him instantaneously. He had nevertheless the strength and presence of mind to put his hand upon the pommel of his sword. At this shocking spectacle, Megret, the engineer, a very singular man, said to those about him very coolly, "Look there, the piece is over; let's go to supper."

The President Montesquieu said, "that Charles XII. was not Alexander; but he would have been Alexander's best soldier."

Charles was born in 1682, and mounted the throne of Sweden in 1697. At sixteen years old he conquered the kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Czar, and for nine years gave law to all three; but after the famous battle of Pultema, which he lost in 1709, he was obliged to take refuge in Turkey. He returned to his kingdom in 1714, and was thirty-six years and a half old, when he was slain before Frederickshall.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

MINUTES OF A CONVERSATION AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

October 21, 1822.

A communication was received from D. Dominigo Rodriguez, D. M. through E. J. Burke, Esq. The letter was accompanied by specimens illustrating the natural history of the Colombian republic. A part of them was mineral, consisting of ores, earths, and different other productions; and another portion, vegetable, consisting of aromatics, inflammables, and antidotes to poisons. Among the former were grains of platina and ores of silver; and among the latter, samples of the woods, gums, and barks of the late vice-royalty of New Grenada.

Mr. Honigshausen of Crefeld, near Dusseldorf, forwarded the distinguished Charles Pfeiffer's description and arrangement of the land and water molluscas of Germany. The work was published at Cassel, in one volume, in splendid quarto, with elegant and coloured figures of the natural objects. It is not merely an account of the shells, but a correct and laboured history of the animals that inhabit them; and is made to conform to Cuvier's classification in his *Regne Animal*. In addition to the book, a box was forwarded, containing a valuable collection of minerals and fossils. Among the latter, are, *bauculites*, *encrinurites*, *echinites*, *torebratulites*, *pectinites*, *ammonites*, *turbinites*, and *madrepores*. There are also *glossopetra*, or shark's teeth in

chalk, and *belemnites* in flint. All found in the strata of that country by digging.

Joseph Francis Baron de Jacquin, Professor of Chymistry and Botany, at Vienna, has forwarded, for the information of our gardeners and seedsmen, a select catalogue of the seeds that ripened in 1821, at the garden of Vienna University, which he is desirous of exchanging upon the most liberal terms, for the seeds of vegetables peculiar to the United States. Any gentleman may be gratified with a sight of this elaborate list whenever he pleases.

Several specimens of the plants from South America were produced; such as,

1. Two parcels by different individuals, of the *Bark*, called, from the region where it grows, *Petayo*, or *Petayo Bark*. It is a species of *Cinchona*, and considered by the great medical botanists, Dr Mutis and Dr. Caldas, as superior in efficacy to the Peruvian. The district where it is most abundant belongs to the Vicar of Choco, high up the river Magdalena, who will contract to furnish any quantity on reasonable terms.

2. Seeds of the tree called *Mil Pesos*. It is a beautiful Palm, which when tapped, affords a fine milk to drink, and by standing, furnishes good butter.

3. *Frankincense*, a gum to be procured in considerable quantities; and another gum, of which there is abundance, called *Uriel de Peina*; both used for burning near the altar in the Roman Catholic churches.

A fork was produced, with four prongs, made neatly of the hard wood from which war clubs are made in the Feejee islands. The present article was brought from Toconroba, as an utensil employed by the cannibal natives in their feasts upon human flesh.

The neat and well devised instrument, lately invented by Dr. P. Barker, of New-York, for the relief of women in one of their most serious afflictions of body, was examined. An opinion highly favourable to the ingenuity of the author, and the adaptation of the invention to the purposes of its destination, was unequivocally expressed.

An abstract was read, from the two important memoirs written by the late Marquis Fauroroy, on the disinterment of the dead in the burying-ground of the Innocents, in the city of Paris. The papers are inserted at full length in the *Annals of Chymistry*, and contain more a chymical account of the extraordinary phenomena, than a medical one; the medical report having been undertaken by the learned and able Dr. Thourret. Enough appears to teach us, that cemeteries, after having received the pollution of dead bodies for several centuries, impart to the surrounding air exhalations offensive enough to be nuisances in the contemplation of law; and more than that, noxious in so eminent a degree, as to produce in some cases sudden death, and in others lingering diseases. In the grand way of doing business there, for three hundred years, prior to 1735, 6, and 7, it was usual to dig a vast pit or grave 30 feet deep and 20 feet wide, capacious enough to contain from 1000 to 1500 carcasses, and when these were piled upon each other, tier over tier, in sufficient amount to fill the hole, a layer of about a foot of earth was spread over, and another excavation of a like kind was made at a small distance. Experience had satisfied the sextons, that it was not safe or convenient to invade or break up one of these great tombs sooner than 15 years after their closing; and that at any time between the fifteen years and thirty, it might be expedient to introduce and deposit a new set of dead bodies in the place of the old. The accumulated mass of offensive and noxious matter was such, that a removal

was decreed by public authority; and the burying-ground has been converted into one of the most elegant walks and markets the metropolis contains.

A project was submitted, for procuring for the inhabitants of New-York city, a supply of pure and wholesome water, from the clouds. There having been heretofore, and there existing now, an insuperable difficulty as to the means of getting good water to drink, either from sources beneath, or from springs at a distance, it was proposed, that the benediction of heaven might be improved by saving rain-water, the purest of all waters, distilled in the alembic of nature, for the consumption of the people. The impression was strong upon the company, when it was stated, that the New-Yorkers, through want of good water, could not enjoy a dish of good tea, nor a cup of good beer, nor a loaf of good bread, nor a drop of the good element itself. The feeling was the more impressive, when it was told that so much money had been laid out in constructing public buildings, such as the City-Hall at the Park; the place for the poor at Bellevue; the splendid establishment for lunatics near Bloomingdale; and the huge house for criminals in Greenwich; constructions and endowments of the most expensive kind; and which had left us in a condition too reduced and impoverished to undertake, for the present, perhaps during this generation, to procure the requisite supply of wholesome water.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Gas Lights.—In November, 1819, the number of gas lights in London, was more than fifty-one thousand, and the total length of the main pipes which convey it to the houses, exceeded three hundred miles. It is there superseding the use of candles and oil lamps, in shops, manufactories, and a great proportion of the private dwellings.

The Heliotrope.—When Professor Gauss was engaged, in 1820, at Luneburg, in trigonometrical observations, to combine the Hanoverian with the Danish triangles, he perceived that when he directed his telescope towards the steeple of Saint Michael's church at Hamburg, which was seven German (thirty-two English) miles distant, the little round window in the upper part of it reflected the image of the sun towards him, and thus impeded him in his operations. This gave him the idea of using the sun's light for signals, by catching it with a mirror, and reflecting it to the place to which a signal was to be given. He made a calculation of the strength of the sun's light, and of the diminution which it suffers in the atmosphere; from which it appeared that a small mirror, only two or three inches in diameter, was sufficient to reflect the sun's image to the distance of ten or more German miles. This is the Heliotrope, which is described to be of great importance in the measuring of large triangles, and as likely to supersede the methods hitherto employed. These consisted in placing, or fastening by night, several Argand lamps with reflectors, at those places which it was intended to observe from a great distance. This measuring by night is very inconvenient, and by day the light of the lamps is much too faint to be always seen at the distance of several miles through a telescope.

The inventor of the Heliotrope, on the other hand, had full proof of the great advantage to be derived from it when he was last year on the summit of the Brocken Mountain, to determine the three corners of the triangle for measuring the meridian in the North of Germany; on which occasion Professor Gauss gave signals with this instrument to his Assistant, who was stationed at the distance of fourteen Ger-

man miles from him, upon the Inselberg in the forest of Thuringia. We learn also that the experiments made on the new Observatory at Göttingen on the 31st of October, 1821, in the presence of the Minister Von Arnswaldt, were perfectly satisfactory.

But the great use of the Heliotrope is not confined to such operations. It will, it is stated, be found greatly to excel the Telegraph for giving signals, and in time will probably supersede it. As the reflected image of the sun is visible at so great a distance, the signal stations may be much fewer. The mode of using it is likewise more simple, it being merely necessary alternately to show and to hide the mirror; the intervals, measured by a stop watch, are the signals. The difficulty, that the Heliotrope cannot be used by night, is the same in the Telegraph. A more specious objection is, that it can be used only in bright sunshine; but in dull weather the use of the Telegraph is also very confined.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Sagacity of a Cat.—A cat belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, England, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bed-chamber, which was four story high. Outside of the window was the parapet of the wall, on which the lady often strewn crumbs of bread for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds and kill them. One morning, giving a "longing, lingering look" at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at and succeeded in getting. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while the birds came, and she resumed her favourite sport by killing the dupes of her sagacity.

Horses.—The dance of animals, which was not unknown to antiquity, admitted in the corps du ballet, dogs, bears, apes, and elephants; but horses exceeded all the rest in the gracefulness of their steps. Pliny informs us, that the Sybarites were the first who associated this tractable quadruped to their ball. The experiment, however, proved fatal to them; for in a war with the Crotoniata, the enemy having instructed their trumpeter to sound the usual charge in a pitched battle, the horses of the Sybarites fell to dancing, instead of advancing to the charge, and were, with their riders, cut to pieces. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse which advanced to music, and, at the command of his master, would dissemble death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about, till some words were uttered, on which he instantly sprang on his feet. Mr. Astley once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years old, presented to him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal, for a number of years, officiated in the character of a waiter, in the course of the performances at the Amphitheatre, London, and at various other theatres in England. At the request of his master, he has been seen to bring into the riding-school a teatable and its appendages, which feat has been followed up by fetching a chair or stool, or what else soever might be wanted. His achievements generally terminated by taking a kettle of boiling water from a considerable blaze of fire, to the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

Some time ago, a favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parley, Esq. of Taunton, England, being locked in a stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and the cry of the hounds, began to be very

restive; the osler going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport: he instantly put on his saddle, to which he affixed a large living monkey, and turned the horse loose, who, following the sound, soon joined the pack: and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

Singular Phenomenon.—A gentleman in Scotland, lately had in his possession, an egg about the size of that of the sparrow, which he found in a hen's egg he was using at breakfast. It was in the exact shape of a common egg—the shell fully stronger than that of a small bird's. It was cracked in the side by accident; and on the shattered part being perforated with a needle, it was quite empty. The egg in which it was found was of the common size, and had nothing unusual in its appearance, except a sort of girth or ring about the small end, where this singular production was lodged.

Flies.—In crossing the mountains of Auvergne and Vivarais, I met, between Pradelles and Thuytz, mulberries and flies at the same time. By the term flies, I mean those myriads of them, which form the most disagreeable circumstances of the southern climate. They are the first of torments in Spain, Italy, and the olive districts of France: it is not that they bite, sting, or hurt, but they buzz, tease, and worry; your mouth, ears, and nose, are full of them; they swarm on every eatable, fruit, sugar, milk; every thing is attacked by them in such myriads, that if they be not driven away incessantly by a person who has nothing else to do, to eat a meal is impossible. They are caught, however, on prepared paper, and other contrivances, with so much ease, and in such numbers, that were it not for negligence they could not abound in such incredible quantities. If I farmed in these countries, I think I should manure four or five acres every year with dead flies.—*Arthur Young's Tour in France.*

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Worms in Carrots.—"About five years ago, I had a heap of pigeon-dung, which lay through the winter months on a quarter of the garden. Having occasion to remove all this dung to other parts of the garden, I laid down the quarter with carrots, and was surprised to observe an extraordinary production of this vegetable, on the spot where the dung had lain, both with respect to their size and cleanness. And although some worms might have been found in the other parts of the quarter, yet I could perceive none in the spot above alluded to. From that time, this circumstance induced me to adopt the practice of sowing my carrots always in one particular spot of ground, which I have annually manured well with pigeon-dung, laying on almost as much of it, though of a hot nature, as if it had been rotten horse-dung. And I have the satisfaction to observe, that I have never failed to have an extraordinary crop, and what is of more consequence, can venture to affirm, that a worm could not be found in my carrots during the four years that I have continued this practice."—*Cal. Horti. Soc.*

Hooding of Sheaves.—As a dry summer is often followed by a wet autumn and fickle harvest, it may be useful to explain the excellent method of securing the wheat crops, which has long been successfully adopted in the west of England. Make a cap, or hood, of two wheat sheaves to cover the other eight; the two sheaves of the common size, for this cap, must be cut the whole length of the straw, and when made into one, tied with a band close up to the top; the other sheaves

must then be contracted into a mere spiral form, that the cap extended may hang over and cover the whole completely, adjusting the top of it so that the ears of the cap will fall sideways off, and cross each other, as the stiffness of the straw naturally directs them: this will prevent the rain from penetrating through the cover, and of course the whole will be kept dry. It will also prevent much loss by the corn shelling, protects the grain from the birds, and will save the trouble and loss occasioned by unbinding the sheaves and binding them up again.

Advantages of Salt.—1. It operates as manure to arable land.—2. It may be of use in promoting the fertility of waste land.—3. It is an effectual remedy against the smut.—4. It preserves the seed, when sown, from vermin.—5. It promotes the vegetation of oily seeds.—6. It increases the produce of pasture-lands and meadows.—7. It improves the quality of hay.—8. It renders coarse food more nourishing, and moist food less injurious to cattle and horses.—9. It preserves stock from disease, and improves their condition.—And, 10, It has a tendency to prevent the rust or blight in wheat.—*Sir J. Sinclair.*

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

FOR OCTOBER.

This month has been uncommonly fine. The products of the season have been gathered in the utmost perfection, free from wet and frost. It is truly the month that gives joy to the husbandman; the pride of the gay; the solace of age; the charm of youth: it gives confidence to the lover, and is the cement and glory of friendship. The wealthy matron seeks the popular school for her daughters. The father places his sons under the care of the most competent instructors, to fit them for their various anticipated callings. The tidy housewife begins to wield the distaff; the aged grandmama to knit the children's winter stockings. The fire is lighted in the parlour. The sideboards groan beneath the weight of the golden summer pippin. The cupboard is filled with delightful sweetmeats, the produce of early summer fruit, to be given as a reward to the dutiful child, and good scholar who emulates the most virtuous actions.

Cherry bounce, raspberry brandy, and mint cordials, are held in reserve for Christmas gambols, and New Year's greetings. The Cider-mill is giving forth the nectar of Pomona. Walnuts, chestnuts, nut-cakes, and dough-nuts abound. The tales of olden times are recited; and the listening youth hears with angry pride, mingled with astonishment, the history of Indian cruelty, the oppressions of British tyranny, and the distresses our forefathers endured to achieve our glorious independence. A glow of enthusiasm lights up the faces of the soldier and the statesman, the doctor and the divine; and every feeling heart rejoices that we can enjoy, unmolested, under the wisest institutions, rational, sound, and lasting civil and religious liberty.

All Nature appears to be putting on her winter garb; to demand a cessation of the hardy labours of the field; and to call on her sons and daughters "to eat, drink, and be merry; for this is their portion under the sun." Yet another year is before us, and provision must be made for its approach.

Any time this month, you may lay the different kinds of forest and fruit-trees you desire to propagate. The last of this month is the proper time to plant cuttings of hardy trees, and shrubs; such as currants, gooseberries, poplars, willows, honeysuckle, &c. Sowing oak acorns, chestnuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, should be done as soon as they fall from the trees. You may now transplant into nursery

rows such stocks as you design to graft the different kinds of fruits upon; the rows about three feet apart, and one foot from each other. Also transplant into nursery beds all the well-rooted cuttings and layers, which were cut a year ago, or last spring. All kinds of hardy trees may be planted now where they are intended to stand. You may begin to prune every kind of forest, fruit, and flowering shrubs; cleaving stems from lateral shoots and suckers, and dress their heads in a becoming manner. Plant evergreens of all sorts. The pumice of apples, crabs, and pears, may be sown, kernels and all, in four feet wide beds, laid on quite thick, and covered an inch thick with good earth. Plant peach, cherry, and plum stones. Vineyards may be now planted, and vines propagated by cuttings in this climate.

For the kitchen garden. Weed your growing crops of winter spinach: those sown in August will now be fit for the table. Transplant your lettuce to the covered beds with glass frames. Cabbage plants, intended for early spring use, must be covered in frames also.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXX. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Abbey of Chmedale*, a Gothic story, by Dr. Drake.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Herculeum, Pompeii, and Stabia*; written from Naples.

LITERATURE.—*Essay on the Greeks*, by the Honourable Frederick Douglas.

THE DRAMA.—*Peregrinations of a Thespian*, No. IV.—*Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Character of Juvenal*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Gardening*, No. II.—*Natural History*.—*Scientific Notices* from foreign journals.

CORRESPONDENCE.—*On Schools*.

POETRY, GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patchwork.—HARLEY.

The imports of specie into Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, for the first six months of the present year, amount to \$582,378. Exports in the same period, \$5,234,107. Balance, \$4,651,539.

Some stones were lately taken from the canal now making at Glens Falls. They were full of petrifications of different kinds of sea-shells, the most of which were in perfect shape, the scallops being as distinct and entire as those on fresh shells. They were about five feet below the surface, and were thrown out in blasting the solid rock through which the canal is to pass.

Some pieces of silver ore have lately been discovered, about ten miles from Lincoln, between Catawba and Broad rivers in North Carolina. A gunsmith was the finder of it, mixed in with a rocky substance on the surface of the ground. Some excavations have been made, and from a quantity of earth and rock taken up, equal to about the contents of a half peck measure, four dollars worth of silver was gotten. A specimen of the ore was sent to professor Ulmstead at the University of Chappel Hill, who pronounced it very rich, and one has been forwarded to Dr. Cooper at Columbia.

MARRIED.

On the 22d ult. Mr. James Thorp to Miss Catharine Miller.

On the 19th, Mr. Benjamin Hustace to Miss Anna Hearn.

On the 19th, Mr. John Freeman to Miss Deborah Ferrington.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Victor B. Waldron to Miss Catharine D'Adeline.

On the 21st inst. Mr. Elzaur Hall to Miss Caroline Augusta Riley.

On the 22nd, Joseph M'Michael, Esq. to Miss Mary Gillen.

DIED.

On the 19th, Mrs. Bridget Duke, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 18th, Mr. Conrad Roberts.

On the 17th, Mr. William C. Bennet, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 18th, Mrs. Rapelye, wife of Mr. James R. Rapelye.

On the 21st, near Bloomingdale, Mr. James Boyd, aged 73 years, a native of Scotland.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tinct more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

[The occurrence which gave rise to the following lines lately happened on board the ship "Friends," from Greenock to Petersburg. It was related by one of the passengers, whose description of the poor fellow's struggles to regain the ship, and his last despairing shriek, was truly affecting.]

THE UNFORTUNATE MARINER.

The morn brightly beam'd o'er the high heaving billow,
And gave its red glow to the wide ocean's breast;
And the mariner smil'd as he rose from his pillow,
Nor heeded the frowns of the cloud in the west.

Yet the dark cloud approach'd, and its threatening was fearful;
But the mariner mark'd not, for homeward afar
His keen glance was cast, and his dimm'd eye was tearful,
While he thought of the friends who should welcome him there.

The dark cloud approach'd, and the loud thunder muttering
Fiercely spoke in the blast as he strode through the sky;
And the angel of death on his cable wing fluttering,
Now rent the dull cloud with the flash of his eye.

More loud was the thunder, more fiercely and brightly
The lightning was gleaming; no thoughts of his home
Had the mariner now; though still fleetly and lightly
The gallant ship sprung through the billows of foam.

One red flash of lightning—one loud crash of thunder,
In the fury of conquest the rude tempest gave;
The frail thread of life with the most broke asunder,
And the mariner sunk to his watery grave.

For a moment he rose on the high bounding billow,
And wistfully gaz'd o'er the wide-foaming main—
For a moment he spurn'd the rude watery pillow—
In a moment he sunk to his bosom again.

One wild, piercing shriek amid the rude tempest's howling,
The hopes of his friends and his comrades destroy!
'Twas the angel of death thro' the storm who was prowling,
And pouc'd on his prey with the wild cry of joy.

B.

For the Minerva.

OSSIAN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Oh, lovely star of the descending night!
Far in the west beams forth thy peerless light;
Lifting amid the clouds thy unshorn head,
Thou walkest on the hill with a stately tread:
What seest thou on the plain? the dark-brow'd storm
Has ceased the face of nature to deform,
And nought is heard, save the low murmuring jar
Of the hoarse torrent sounding from afar,
Or when at intervals, with noisy shock,
The roaring waves climb o'er the distant rock:
The insect people spread the buzzing wing,
And in the field their evening descent sing.
Oh, fairest light, what dost thou gaze upon?
But thou dost smile upon me and art gone;
The waves around thee joyfully repair,
And bathe the ringlets of thy lovely hair;
Sweet, silent beam, farewell!

LAURENCE.

DECLINE OF LIFE.

Days of my youth! ye are gliding away;
Days of my youth! ye will shortly be banish'd;
Soon will the warm tints of fancy decay,
Soon from my cheeks will the roses be vanish'd.

Brief as the wild flower that sits on the spray;
Brief as the bright dew that sparkles the morning;
Life gives its blossoms to time's pale decay—
All the dear waste but an instant adorning.

Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd;
Soon will the hours of my day dreams be number'd;
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd;
All will be lost that I've wak'd or have slumber'd.

Oh then, ye warm beaming joys of a day!
Go then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow!
Calm will I bend me to time's pale decay,
And from contentment new roses will borrow.

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

O sleep not, my babe! for the morn of to-morrow
Shall shake me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark gale shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the doom of the guilty are mine.
Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee,
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee?
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,

And none but the guilty should mourn over me.
And yet I must wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
To calm thee I stifle my tears for a while;
But thou smil'st in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
And oh! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

Alas, my sweet babe! with what pride had I press'd thee
To the bosom which now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blest thee,
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name!
But now, with remorse that avails not, I mourn thee,
Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenge the guilt of thy mother on thee.

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame, on thy innocent cheek,
When by all, but the God of the orphan forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
Deserted and helpless—to whom can I leave thee?
Oh! God of the fatherless! pity my child!

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart
In some sequester'd bower;
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets!

A woman's love is like the spring
Amid the wild alone,
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
Of cloud is seldom thrown;
And blest is he who meets that fount
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly shall his spirits mount!
How pleasant be his way!

A woman's love is like the rock
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves;
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given;
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

PARTING FOR EVER.

Ah! who can feel the bursting sigh,
And tell what vainly words endeavour!
Ah! who can know the anguish high,
When youthful bosoms part for ever!

This cheek hath rested upon thine,
This heart hath on thy bosom beat;
This hand hath sped thy clasp to join,
This eye in thine hath melted sweet.

My cheek rests on the cold gray stone,
My heart hath lived from thine to sever;
My hand but holds this ringlet lone,
Mine eye hath seen thee part for ever.

I've gazed upon yon moon's pale trace,
To mark thy hour of absence wane,
And still I look upon her face,
But ne'er shall look for thee again.

I've listed for thy footfall light,
When the red stars were dimly burning;
And yet I listen to the night,
But ne'er shall hear thy step returning.

My head ere eve is weary soon,
My fluttering eye is sick and chill;
My heavy eyes are dim at noon,
My footsteps fail upon the hill.

LOVE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

Oh! never till this trying hour,
When sickness bows my with'ring frame,
Did my heart truly own the power
Of Love's pure flame!
In youth's unclouded morning's light,
The heart may fondly dream of love;—
But 'tis reserved for sorrow's night,
Its joy to prove!

Though on my cheek the rose fades fast,
And my sunk pulse forgets to play;—
Though death comes riding on the blast,
In grim array;—

Though every hour that hastens by,
Bids the pale tyrant's form appear;
And every hollow murmur'd sigh,
Calls him more near;

Still, still the smile affection brings,
To cheer the restless couch of pain;—
Disarms disease of half its stings,
And lights my cheek again!
Oh, Love! 'tis only at the hour,
When sickness rends the tortur'd frame;
The heart can truly know the power,
Of thy pure flame!

Epitaphs.

CHARLES KING,

AN EMINENT CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Free from ambition, and no friend to strife,
Yet ever soaring 'bove the walks of life,
No flaming hero he, with death to joke,
Yet ever living midst the flames and smoke.
In life the lowest, yet for ever rising,
His thoughts on high, but never moralizing;
He Charles of England was—it is no satire—
A king by name—a democrat by nature.
But Charley's gone! extinguish'd is his taper,
And useless lie his brush, his bag, and scraper.

Here lies Madam Wag,
And we hope she's at rest;
But without loo and bragg,
She'll be sadly distress'd,
So, lest cards should be few,
In so distant a land,
She discreetly withdrew,
With a pack in her hand.

ON A PARSON OF A COUNTRY PARISH.

Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at this fall,
For ead, had he liv'd he'd have buried us all.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Answer.

PUZZLE II.—We will call the parties A and B; the former had two penny loaves, the latter had three; and the traveller agreed to give them five shillings to partake with them. The money he gave them was sixty pence, consequently A's two loaves were twenty-four pence, and B's three loaves thirty-six pence: now the parties equally partake of the whole, and the shares will be twenty pence for each of the three; then if A contributed only twenty-four pennyworth, and ate twenty pennyworth himself, he only contributed four pennyworth to the traveller; but B, who had three loaves, contributed, at the same rate, thirty-six pennyworth, and as he ate only twenty pennyworth, being one-third of the whole, he contributed to the traveller sixteen pennyworth, which was four times as much as A contributed,—he was, therefore, entitled to four times as much as A, and to have four shillings, while A had but one shilling.

PUZZLE III.—Answer not received.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is a scourge, which would never appear
On earth, were all mortals just, virtuous, and wise;
My next has no end, like eternity's year,
A pledge of agreement—a bond in disguise;
My third is a weight which no mortal can bear,
Save Atlas, whose shoulders can carry the sphere;
My whole is no matter of weighty renown,
'Tis no more nor less than a small country town.

II.

What men of science, genius, justly claim,
By what most tends to gain a lasting name;
Transjose, and the criterion it will show,
By what the shepherd from the sheep we know.
Again transpos'd 'twill show to every eye,
How merchants pass their kites afar and nigh,
By which they thousands or ten thousands fly.

III.

From whence proceeds the eloquence of a Philadelphia lawyer?

CHRONOLOGY.

81. Sylla, recalling Murena, defeated Mithridates, and entered Rome in triumph.
- Death of Ptolemy Lathyrus; Berenice Cleopatra, his daughter, succeeded. After six months, she married Alexander II. son of Alexander I. whom Sylla had sent to govern. He put her to death after a few days, and reigned 15 years.
80. Metellus, consul, commanded the Roman army against Sertorius in Spain.
79. Sylla abdicated the dictatorship.
- Alexandra, widow of Alexander Jannæus, king of Judea, reigned, after his death, eleven years.
78. Death of Sylla, aged sixty years.
- Lepidus, consul, wishing to annul all the acts of Sylla, was opposed by his colleague, Catullus, and expelled from Rome.
77. Catullus and Pompey defeated Lepidus's army, and drove him to Sardinia, where he died.
- Ch. Dolabella, successful in Macedonia, entered Rome in triumph. Claudius made war in Thrace. Pompey marched against Sertorius.
76. Pompey and Metellus were defeated by Sertorius and Perpenna.
74. Alliance between Sertorius and Mithridates, who, seizing Bithynia, besieged Cotta, the consul, in the town of Chalcedon; but was obliged to raise the siege by Lucullus.
- P. Servilius Isauricus reduced Crete and Cilicia to provinces.
73. Beginning of the war against the slaves in Italy, whose leader was Spartacus.
- Sertorius put to death by his own party.
- Pompey recovered Spain. Ptolemy Dionysius or Antioch reigned in Egypt 14 years.
72. C. Cuius triumphed at Rome for having vanquished the Lacedæmonians.
71. Lucullus defeated Mithridates, and obliged him to fly to Tigranes in Armenia.
70. Hircanus II. high priest, reigned after the death of his mother.
- Censor restored at Rome. Birth of Virgil, the Latin poet.
69. Lucullus entered Armenia, defeated Tigranes, and took the city of Tigranocerta.
68. Lucullus took Nisibis, defeated Mithridates, and acknowledged Antiochus king of Syria.
67. Pompey obtained the command against the pirates.
- Lucullus abandoned by his army. Mithridates recovered his dominions.
66. Pompey defeated Mithridates, who was refused an asylum by Tigranes. Tigranes submitted to Pompey, who left him Armenia only. Conspiracy of Piso and Catiline, at Rome, discovered.
65. Pompey defeated the Iberians, pursued Mithridates, and made great slaughter of the Albanians.
64. Phraates, king of Parthia, declared war against Tigranes, who asked succour from Pompey; but not obtaining it in time, made peace.
- Pompey made Syria a Roman province.
63. Pharnaces obliged his father Mithridates to kill himself. Pompey entered Jerusalem, imposed a tribute, restored Hircanus, and led away Aristobolus captive.
- Birth of Augustus.
62. The army of Catiline cut to pieces, and he slain in battle.
61. Pompey entered Rome in triumph.
60. First triumvirate. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar leagued together.
59. Cæsar passed the Agrarian law, imprisoned Cato for opposing it, and obtained Cisalpine Gaul for three years, and Transalpine Gaul for five years.
58. Cicero banished. The Helvetians and Ariovistus defeated by Cæsar.
57. Return of Cicero from exile.
- Cæsar successful in Gaul.
56. Cæsar wintered at Luca. Pompey and Crassus joined him there.
- Hircanus restored to the high priesthood at Jerusalem.
- Five judicary tribunes appointed by the Romans in Judea.
55. Crassus had the government of Syria, Pompey of Spain, and Cæsar of Gaul. Expedition of Cæsar into Germany and Great Britain.
- Pompey appeased the troubles in Judea.
54. Crassus made war on the Parthians. Second expedition of Cæsar into Britain.
53. Crassus cut off by the Parthians.
52. Pompey chosen sole consul. Milo condemned to banishment for having killed Clodius.
51. Cicero, proconsul in Cilicia, saluted imperator by the military.
- Cassius drove the Parthians from Syria.
- Death of Ptolemy Arietes.
50. Mutual distrust between Cæsar, Pompey, and the Senate.
49. Civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.
- The senate named a day for Cæsar to disband his troops.

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